

perceived to be a foreigner, and who proved in fact to be an Italian acquainted with no English word but his name, which he uttered in a way that made it seem as though he had never learned to read his name.



Young Dante Spellbound by Her.

I had known nothing about him, but he brought home to me. He proved a sympathetic though a desultory ministrant, and had in a wonderful degree the sentiment de la pose. It was unqualified, instinctive; the part of the happy incident which had guided him to my door and helped him to spell out my name on the card mailed to it.

I thought Mrs. Monarch's air slightly annoyed when, on her coming back with her trunk, she found Oronte. It was strange to have to recognize in a little Neapolitan cad a competitor to her magnificent Major. It was she who seemed danger for the Major was unaccountably so touchy.

By this time I had got a certain start with "Rutland Ramsey," the first novel in the great projected series; that is, I had prepared a dozen chapters, and had the help of the Major and his wife, and I had sent them in for approval. My understanding with the publishers, as I have already said, had been to have the Major and his wife work in this particular case as I liked, with the whole book committed to me; but my connection with the rest of the series was only contingent.

I was not obliged to answer these remarks. I was only obliged to place my papers. I was not at all in a hurry, and I put them down in a little box, and I put them in a little box, and I put them in a little box.

ing into my life. I hadn't missed for a year. He came back with a fresh eye, but with the old heart. He had been in the studio for the first evening we spent in my studio we smoked cigarettes till the small hours. He had done so work himself, he had only got the eye; so the fellow was not for the studio.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Nothing, save that I'm mystified. I don't know what it is, but I feel as if I had been in the studio for a long time, and I don't know what it is."

"You are indeed. You're quite of the kind," he said, and he looked at me with a smile. "I don't know what it is, but I feel as if I had been in the studio for a long time, and I don't know what it is."

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to this I shouldn't get the other books to do. I hustled myself in despair upon Miss Churn, and I put her through all her paces. She was not at all in a hurry, and she was not at all in a hurry.

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BRAZIL'S BIG BILLS.

You Feel Like a Bloated Bond Holder With Fifty Cents' Worth.

THE HARD MONEY IS STILL WORSE. A Few Dollars' Worth of Change is All a Strong Man Can Carry.

HALF CENTS USED TO DRIVE NAILS. (CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil, March 15.—As in all countries where heavy duties are imposed on imported goods, Rio's port regulations are extremely rigorous and often vexatious. All incoming vessels are required to drop anchor off Port Villegagnon—commonly known as the "Pico"—and there await the coming of the pilot and customs officers.

Those gentlemen take their own leisurely time for it, and their convenience must be awaited, however imperative your reasons for expedition. If the steamer happens to have arrived near the dinner hour (5 p. m. as the Brazilian rule for that most important meal), or near the fashionable time for promenading in the Rua do Ouvidor—say an hour earlier—or if a festa happens to be in progress, or a political demonstration, no numerous in the city, no attention will be paid to till some time next day, and meanwhile no communication whatever is permitted between ship and shore—not even so much as a message to waiting friends or letters to catch an outgoing mail.

Pleasures of a Quarantine. Should quarantine be imposed, as it is more than likely to be during seasons of epidemic, though there may not be a case of sickness on board—the vessel is sent away back to Ilha Grande, 60 miles down the bay, where it is no longer subject to sanitary regulations, especially in times of scare. We experienced their unreasonable nature to the full a few years ago, when sailing among the West Indies. Because our ship had passed a place where smallpox was raging—though no passengers were taken on board, and nobody went ashore but the purser on his regular business—we were not allowed to come within three miles of any port, though not a soul on board was ill, or even at this time of day to have a word with any of the natives.

Sanitary Story of a Feasthouse. Among our number was a charming French family who were waiting in Paris and were coming to their home at St. Pierre. Of course they were obliged to disembark at Martinique, and a moral and political lesson was to be learned. There were children and three servants, being rowed away to the desert quarantine island in the custody of officers, like criminals, headed by the yacht of the Health Commissioner, with his significant yellow flag. Though they lay around ever so carefully nobody ever steals them, being too burdensome to get away. On inquiring the price of the contract, I found it was not so much as I had expected. It was only \$100, and it was paid for in advance.

Financial Figures That Stagger One. A copper coin of the old monarchy worth half a cent still circulates largely in Northern Brazil, which is fit only to use in driving nails, or for paper weights, being altogether insignificant. There is a pocket in the monetary system, in which an imaginary denomination named a conto, which means 1,000 milreis, and is expressed on paper 1,000. The par value of the paper milreis is 200 milreis. A conto is worth 200 milreis, and is expressed on paper 200,000. The par value of the paper milreis is 200 milreis. A conto is worth 200 milreis, and is expressed on paper 200,000.

Charges for Disinfecting Baggage. The ordinary baggage will weigh many times as much as the ordinary baggage. The rates are as follows: First-class passengers must pay 5,000 reis per diem for semi-starvation or villainous food; second class, 2,500 reis; third class, 800 reis; children below 10 years of age, 500 reis; and between 1 and 4 years, one-third rates.

How to Preserve One's Tissues. It is a wise plan to pack the few things needed for a day or two into a grip sack and leave the trunk for the latter until you are established in the customary order of things. One should remember that passports are required, both on entering and leaving Brazil, and no steamship company is permitted to take all a clerk's baggage on board without requiring a consular visa before their own, and this involves slight expense. There is also a port regulation which forbids any considerable baggage to be taken on board after 8 p. m. without a special permit. Therefore, if you are unacquainted with the Portuguese language and have gone ashore to look for goods, you had better keep an eye on your watch and not put faith in the rosy lights that linger long on the mountain tops after the sun has disappeared—unless you were to spend the services of the United States Consul in the morning; and meanwhile the ship may sail away without you.

How to Put on Your Cuffs. Not one man in 50 knows how to put on a cuff properly, says a haberdasher in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The swell who buttons both his cuffs on the same side thinks his perfection, but he isn't. In other words, the cuff should be buttoned the same way as the wrist band, left toward the left, right toward the right. If you really want to be proper you must wear link buttons, as they are the ones that give the proper shape to the cuff.

JOKES BY BURDETTE.

Vox Populi, Lex and Veritas, Rhymed Into the Wastebasket.

ADVICE TO A NEDDY PARSON. Quips and Fables of the Race Shown Up in New and Novel Ways.

A GREAT HUMORIST'S PHILOSOPHY. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The Old Wastebasket. In the darkest nook of the dining room, in the deepest shade of the twilight gloom, it frowned from its corner, cold and grim.

Oh, friends, send Russia, in Christian zeal, The white wheat flour and golden meal; But send us wheat, with fewal calumny—More! Oh, friends, send Russia, in Christian zeal, The white wheat flour and golden meal; But send us wheat, with fewal calumny—More!

For him who would moan with scalding tears, And dress in crape for a thousand years. Gets What He Wants. The Rev. William J. Undercrust writes from Lower Falls, Kan.: "I have been a preacher of the gospel for 32 years. I have no more money now than when I began my ministry. I have never received in all that time a larger salary than \$800 a year. And when I read in the papers last week that Cranby Digby, the grotesque dancer in the 'Mountain Cow' combination, gets \$600 a week for his legs it discouraged me."

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More Political Chicanery. Talk about gerrymandering. It is now charged that the Republicans have fixed the State of Rhode Island so that they gain an older alderman in both ways.

A Constitutional Weakness. "I hear that young Sport failed in his Latin examinations at college." "Yes, made a dead flunk on his nouns; that's his weakness; he never could decline anything."

Post Hoc. "Do you consider drunkenness a disease, doctor?" "Certainly do." "Well, do you think it is contagious?" "I should say so; if a man goes home drunk, somebody catches it every time."

Impossible if True. Recent dispatches from the frontier say that the Indians on the Arizona frontier are putting on their war paint. What? In Lent? The heathen; they're worse than the girls. Why doesn't somebody tell them they can't go to war until after Easter?

The Human Voice. We have seen it stated somewhere that George Whitefield, the great Methodist, once preached in the fields to a crowd of 20,000 people, and that his powerful voice reached

with clear distinctness the ears of every man in the multitude. We believe it without a struggle. We have heard a key 11 years ago, and I am sure that the same key is still in the hands of the same man. It is a fact that when the key is struck, the sound is heard by every man in the multitude. We believe it without a struggle. We have heard a key 11 years ago, and I am sure that the same key is still in the hands of the same man.

PATENTED BY WOMEN.

Novel Things to Which the Sex Has Applied its Inventive Genius.

THE RECORD FOR PENNSYLVANIA. It has been frequently asserted that women have no inventive faculty and the world likes to believe it; yet from actual official returns women go right on inventing. It is encouraging to notice that there is at least one man who recognizes this talent in women, and a gallant Mr. Rieley shall have the honor of introducing in Congress, then will women inventors have a fair provision made for them at the World's Fair.

Showing curious to know just what kind of showing in this line of head-work women were likely to make and particularly what share of the glory Mr. Rieley could claim for the women of his State, I have taken the pains to look up what women have invented and am surprised to discover that they have taken out patents on pretty much everything from a shoe button to a telescope. Indeed, I find the very first submarine telescope was invented by a woman, Sarah P. Mather, in 1845. Long before women had thought they dare aspire to the profession, before they had been admitted to practice in the courts of justice, granted the privilege of the clinic, or been licensed to preach the Gospel, they were exercising their inventive genius, since that required no license.

City Women Helping Country Sisters. As early in this century as the sixth year there was a patent granted to a woman for a machine that would weave straw with either silk or cotton thread. From this one of that year the number with each succeeding year has rapidly increased until thousands of patents have been granted to women, and every State in the Union has its quota. City women have largely invented appliances, and Pennsylvania has furnished nearly one-half. Of these, Marie E. Beasley, famous for having invented a machine for turning out complete barrels with a few turns of a crank, is the most notable. Besides the best known, and most generally employed appliances for making barrels, she is the patentee of a "Barreling" lathe, a machine for pasting shoes, a steam generator, and other useful apparatus.

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Not Much of a Change, After All. If they succeed in cultivating the banana in the vicinity of Mobile, they are going to change the name of the State to Alabama. Alabama means: "Here we rest; the new name will mean: 'Here we go.' Still, as a fellow usually rests a little after he goes on a banana, the change in meaning will not be so violent as at first appears.

A Fact 'bout Rosewood. Many people suppose that rosewood takes its name from its color, but this is a mistake. Rosewood is not red nor yellow, but almost black. Its name comes from the fact that when first cut it exhalates a perfume similar to that of the rose, and, although the dried wood of commerce contains no trace of this early perfume, the name lingers as a relic of the early history of the wood.

Where the Hens-Hides Go. Some idea of the extent of the baseball craze may be gleaned from the fact that as many as 2,000 horseshoes are used in Philadelphia alone in the manufacture of the most costly kinds of baseballs, and that there are very few left over when the season ends.

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